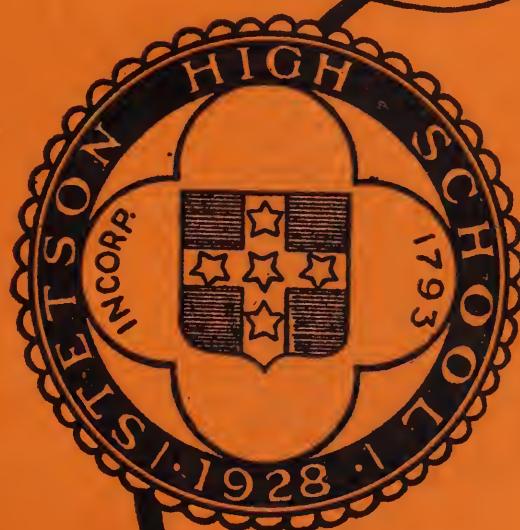


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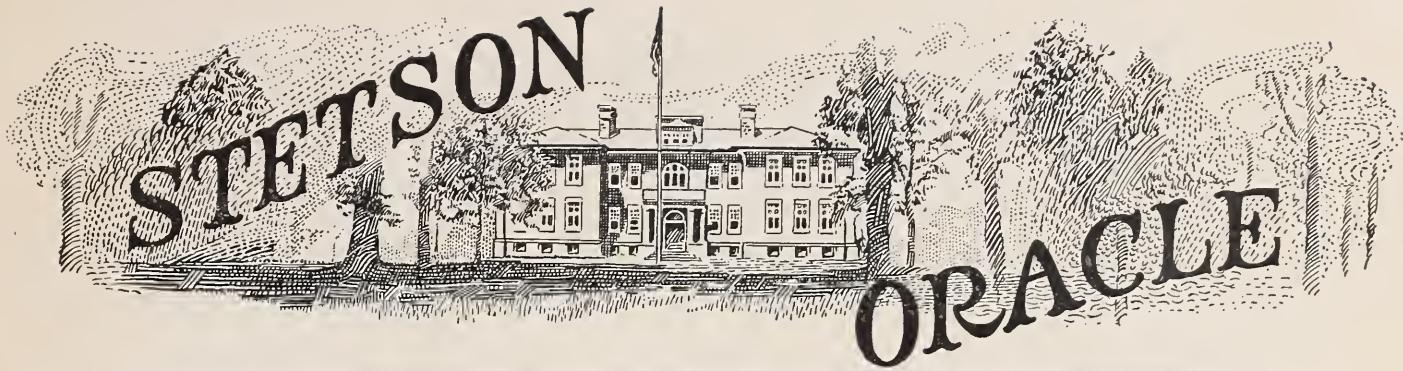
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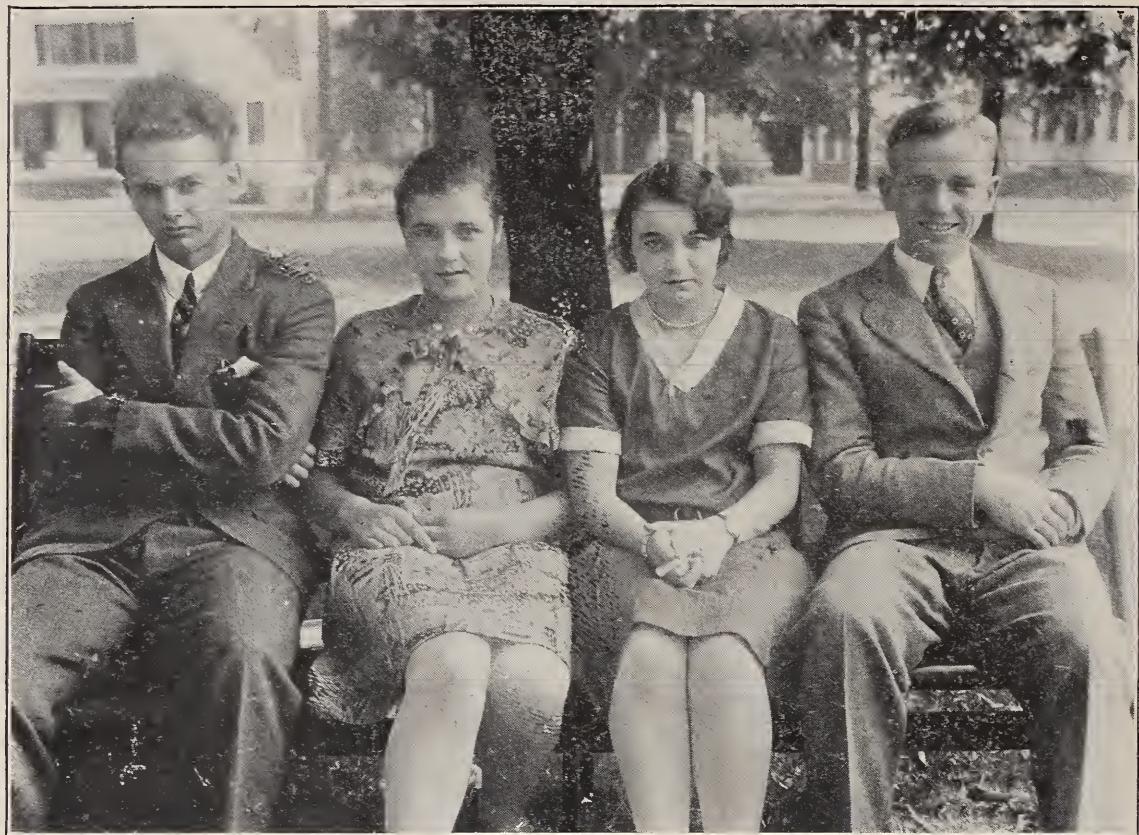
Vol XVII. No. 1 Stetson High School. Randolph, Mass., October 1928

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CLASS OFFICERS 1929



ORACLE STAFF 1929

LIFE'S CROSS ROADS

Did you ever stop to think that it is the little things that count in the building of character? The tiny moth will tatter and fray and ruin the most beautiful gown and a tiny leaf will show which way the wind blows.

It is the little bad habits that grow upon us that are deadly in their results. It is not necessary to commit a great crime to scar a character or ruin a life; a word or deed reveals the kind of men and women we are. It is the little duties of life that call into action the highest qualities of truth, fidelity, patience and self control.

The opportunity to do great things comes but a few times but the opportunity for little kindnesses, little comforts, little courtesies meets us at every road on the journey of life. The real test of character is the way we meet and dispose of the little things of everyday life.

W.M.B.

The success of any human enterprise in which several people are involved depends very largely upon the extent of their cooperation. This is true in business affairs, it is true in civic and political matters and it is true in social relationships. This great principle has operated in the production of the present issue of the Stetson Oracle.

In the two weeks given to the editorial staff the work has progressed smoothly and efficiently. It has been said concerning the beaver that, "He works while he works and he plays while he plays. He labors for the community good yet he is strong on individual effort." If this is true, each member of the editorial staff is like a beaver. He or she has worked like a beaver, and while laboring for the community good in a fine edition of the "Oracle" has been strong in individual effort.

OUTDOOR LIFE

How little do many of us appreciate the value of outdoor life! What great opportunities the wide open spaces afford us! We who live in the country and are able to enjoy life out of doors, seldom think of the thousands of people living in crowded tenements in the city. Little do they realize the better advantages of life which they are denying themselves.

Let us compare a high school student living in the city, to one residing in the country. The city chap is on his way home from school. There are movie houses, poolrooms and other places of amusement which he cannot resist visiting. He spends his time idling in these places, breathing in smoke and impure air. The suburban fellow goes home from school. There is little or nothing to detain him on the way. He is free, in the sense that he may enjoy any of his favorite outdoor sports for the remainder of the afternoon. Thus, it may easily be seen that the country boy will be the more mentally alert when he sits down to do his homework.

The late President Roosevelt was a great exponent of outdoor life. The story of how he built himself up to a strong robust man is well known. Had he not received such physical training from outdoor life, it is doubtful whether he would have become so prominent in the eyes of the world.

Indeed, in my own experience I can see the results of an outdoor life.

J. C. '29.

Somebody says "To succeed one does not need elbow room so much as will. Isn't this about true? It is a strong will and hard work that enables one to win a place in the world. This is the testimony of everyone who has made a success of his career.

THE MODEL PUPIL

What would we do without Bill? For Bill Smith, you know, is our model pupil. Let me illustrate just how he is our bright and shining light. In the first place Bill is a conscientious student. He often spends sixty whole minutes on his lessons! He is an early riser for we have even heard of his getting up as early as 7:45 A.M., and he never has to be called more than six times. After collecting his books, which have been tossed about the night before by his careless family, he strolls off toward school. If he is late and is challenged for a pass, which he is apt to forget, he always obtains one without more than five or six minutes commotion. He is leader of several of his classes—in laughter and fooling, and he whistles cheerily through the corridors, for Bill loves to create a happy atmosphere. At least one period in the day he attempts to look in the halls, poking his head in the door of classrooms now and then to call out pupils wanted by himself. How delighted are his school-mates and teachers, to see his bright, and smiling countenance at their doors! Bill always closes a door with a pronounced bang, it pronounces his individuality. In his study period he tries to amuse his neighbors so that the period will not be dull for them and at noon time he dashes wildly for the lunch-room, sometime capsizing people, whom he courteously picks up again, so as to be able to secure lunch and seats for himself and friends. He always tells his friends the news in the assembly hall for he may not see them again. At the close of school, he grabs his books, leaps down the stairs, jumps into a friend's car, and rides joyously home—over the lawn. What do we think of our Bill? Do we admire his school-spirit and sportsmanship? M. K., '29

TO THE CLASS OF 1928

"How we miss the Seniors" was a frequent phrase heard almost anywhere in our school on the first few days. Such an expression is a fitting tribute and just admiration for any group of undergraduates to pay to a class who have set so high a standard, scholastically as well as in other ways, as the class of 1928 has set for us. A class, such as the former Senior Class, is an example and direct spur to any following class who may attempt to take their place. As you may have realized, last year's class had a great variety of people, who with hearty cooperation, school spirit, and fine sportsmanship, carried on their work. The history of their Oracle, class play, graduation, and reception are all examples of their rare ability. The class of 1928 we may well say is a credit and pleasure to the traditions of Stetson High School. If we, the class of 1929, should succeed in our year as Seniors of S. H. S. we will always remember the foundations laid by our predecessors. We fully appreciate their help and if any class in later years "misses" us we will be proud to stand beside them in this particular. We extend our well wishes to its members and for everything we thank them. M. K., '29

RARE COMPANY

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in order the results of their wisdom and learning. The thoughts that these men uncover to their close friends are here written in words to us, the strangers of another age. We owe to books those benefits which come from intellectual action. We often owe to them the perception of immorality.

CHARACTER

Character is the quality that keeps us always ourselves. It stands nearest to the innermost part of us that each calls "myself"; sometimes it is hard to distinguish the two. But I like to keep character in my bodyguard. Character stands firm under every ordeal if we give it a chance to do so. It says to all the enemies—temptation, discouragement, bad luck, the blues, and hosts of others—"You may defeat the rest of the army but you dare not come near the general."

Character is the quality that always reminds me that I am myself. It stands just next to myself, and goes on repeating: "Be yourself. Don't forget who you are; don't act below yourself." Wherever it began character is the first of our bodyguard. A boy or girl who has character, who keeps character strong and alive can never be defeated.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School Spirit is always the foundation of any school or college. Without this a school cannot be successful in any of its undertakings.

In our studies, athletics, and social affairs it must be manifested or they are not a success. In your classes do not sit back and show no interest in the work. Co-operate and see how much it helps.

In athletics, come to the games, not to sit on the bench, wholly dissatisfied with everything, but to cheer your team on to victory. Victory does not depend on the team alone. It depends on you. Show your school spirit this way.

In social affairs take a part in selling tickets, and show your interest in the activity by urging people to come.

Can't you see where our school

would stand if we had more school spirit to help us climb the ladder of success?

C. G., '29.

We will call the boy Henry. He was a pupil in a school of which I was principal—not in Randolph. Henry was a large boy physically, strong and rugged. He was not a brilliant pupil, never gaining a rank as high as "A"; in fact, as I well recall most of his ranks were "C". Henry had one quality, however, which distinguished him. He could be depended on. He was uniformly regular in attendance, always courteous, manly, and straight-forward. He could be depended upon for almost perfect attendance; he also never failed to carry out any assignment of a general nature such as class committee duties; he became the most valuable member of the school nine during the last two years of his high school course. He had a most enviable reputation among the business men of the town, and added to the good reputation of school by his conduct outside of school hours. Now these qualities which I have summed up in the one word "dependability" asserted themselves in his later life. He holds today a fine position in the business world, and is a power in the community in which he lives. To a very high degree men who succeed show others, as did this boy, that they may be relied upon. From another point of view we may assert that it is not genius, but the qualities of promptness, of steady hard work, of making the most of what many regard as small matters, which count in our lives. Can your parents depend upon you absolutely? Do your teachers and classmates regard you as "square"? Are you courteous in your home? Do the neighbors and business men of the town say good things of you.

F.E.C.

VICTORY

It was a dull day in October. The air was chilled the frequent cold blasts. The bare, brown trees added dreariness to the atmosphere. Evidently the crowd at Seddon Hall Stadium gave no thought to the weather, because to day the most thrilling game of the season was being played. Seddon Hall was playing Clement University.

The air was tense with excitement! Fifty thousand people were hilariously shouting, jumping, and the waving banners of every hue. Hats, gloves, and score cards, forgotten in the enthusiasm, were hurled into the air.

The noise ceased and the eyes of every spectator were on the Seddon backfield. The quarterback, Jack Warner, was the center of attention. Signals! "12-14-23!" called Jack clearly. The ball was snapped! Tom Dillings grabbed it and rushed. The Clement left tackle came in! Four yard loss for Tom! The crowd roared! The Clement stands were a riot of color and sound.

Now the team was in a huddle. This time Jack did not call the signals, but walked toward the sidelines. In an instant the pig-skin was flying thru' the air. Ed Haskell, the Clement quarterback, leaped into the air and grasped the ball. He was headed for the goal line—he was gaining! Only Raymond of Seddon, was in front of him and the goal ten yards behind him! At this point every one was on his feet, cheering madly. Warner had his man tackled on the seven yard line.

Next, the line up! a huddle! Out of it! The whistle! The end of the first Half.

During this time the Locomotive was heard from the Seddon

side. S-E-D-D-O-N, followed by C-L-E-M-E-N-T. A parade by the bands and stunts by the cheer leaders made a delightful scene.

The second half was similar to the first. "Hoo-ray" roared Seddon as Warner gained twenty-three yards. "Fight Warner Fight!" as he gained twelve more. That put Seddon on Clement's twenty-yard line. Warner tried again. "Get that ball!" was heard from the stands. But it was not Seddon's good fortune to "Get that ball". Clement's ever ready left tackle took the ball and was downed after he reached the Seddon twelve yard line.

Kerry of Clement, was attempting a placement kick. Every one was silent. In a flash the fifty thousand yelled! The Clement fans were going wild; the Seddon were despondent. The score, Clement 3, Seddon 0.

Two minutes to play. Seddon was fighting hard. Warner and Tom Dillings received many cheers for speedy and skillful plays.

At last, Seddon had the ball! Warner crashed thru', over the fifteen, ten and five yards and the ball was over. A touchdown! The whistle! Game over! Score: Seddon 6, Clement 3.

This time, from the stands was heard, "W-A-R-N-E-R! Rah-Rah-Rah!" The hero was carried off the field on the shoulders of the enthusiasts, while the crowd still echoed "W-A-R-N-E-R—R-A-H! R-A-H! R-A-H!"

M. D., '29.

Always a Seasonable Reason

I'd send you, dear, some violets

If Spring were not too late
I'd send you pink carnations if

Their scent I did not hate
Orchids I should like to send

Your love they would invoke
I'd love to send you roses, too
But, dear, just now I'm broke.

LITTLE THINGS

Oh, it's just the little homely things, the unobtrusive friendly things, "the won't-you-let-me-help-you" things that make your pathway light. And it's just the jolly joking things "the laugh-with-me-it's funny" things; that make the world seem bright. For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record-breaking things, that all the papers cite, are not the human things, the everyday encountered things, "the just-because-I-like-you" here's to all the little things, the done and then forgotten things and those "Oh-it's-simply-nothing" things that make life worth the fight.

REVENGE IS SWEET

In the spacious and properly decorated auditorium of State College, "A Football Masquerade," was in full swing. On the morrow the annual gridiron battle, between two rival schools, was to take place. The sun would set on the eve of Thanksgiving day gloriously for one, and over the other a dark cloud would break. Which college would win?

It was States' custom to entertain the Pinehurst student body by holding a dance on the night before the battle. This year it was in the form of a masquerade.

A certain group of students from Pinehurst were out for revenge. The casual observer never would have guessed it to see them sitting decorously in one corner. But, to one who was acquainted with the group their quietness would have caused alarm.

The object of the Pinehurst boys' wrath, was Austin McGeary, the star football performer for State, and who was at this moment gaily foxtrotting with no thoughts in his head of

that day, a year ago, when he had raced down the field scoring the lone touchdown, and winning the game for his Alma Mater.

Tonight the unsuspecting Austin was to receive punishment for his sudden popularity. Just an act of jealousy on the part of the Pinehurst chaps.

The boys had some difficulty in finding Austin among the masked and costumed crowd. At length, they discovered his debauched clown suit, the only one in the hall, except—but then, that exception comes later.

Their plans worked splendidly. Joe Barton, the leader of the gang managed to get the hero out on the school campus, where the rest of the boys were patiently waiting. Quickly they tied his hands and feet, wrapped him up and threw him into the rumble seat of a high powered roadster. On, on they sped, taking him farther and farther from the dance; and worse of all, the greatest football game of the season.

Arriving at a shack in the thickest of the woods, they quickly disposed of him and hastened back to the masquerade. They left him in the hands of two young fellows, who had never seen him.

The great day arrived, a cold, raw one, just the type to put "pep" into the players and rooters. Barton and his gang were setting pretty in their "Blue Heaven"! The star absent from the other team, and all the hopes in the world for a Pinehurst victory. Pinehurst rushed on the field amid the loud roars of their followers. Oh! a new number was in the group. Joe then came to the conclusion that, Don Flynn, their worthy quarterback, had received the new jersey he had been promised. Now States' pride came on the field with a rush, and everyone went

wild with joy. Number 12 was missing that was supposed to be McGeary, and 27 was playing his position.

The kick-off hushed the big colorful bowl. Blues and striped jerseys raced, plunged, or spilled themselves in bewildered heaps.

Three periods of tenseness, of expectations rising like a flood and subsiding as swiftly, of cheers booming across the colorful scene, had passed without that act, that stuns or crazes the stands. "A TOUCHDOWN".

Twenty-seven of State, twisting, weaving, and clawing, like a tiger of a jungle, with magnificent interference by other players, scattered the Pinehurst players like chaff. He was off on a 55 yard flight, and that put life into the almost broken hearted fans. He made it, flying alone, like "Lindy" and as gallantly.

His great run was stunning, heart breaking to the Pinehurst custovers. They had wanted a red and black victory, but, no they were forced to bow to defeat. Their stands slumped, shoulders of the cheer leaders sagged.

But the reaction across the field was electric. State stands had gone mad, thousands on their feet hugging each other, tossing hats into the air, cheer leaders dancing, laughing, shouting and singing.

What name was on everyone's lip? Impossible, why he was fifty miles from the field, severely bound, and in the care of his enemies. Had their friends gone back on them and released him?

Quickly, Joe and his cronies hurried to his waiting car and were soon on their way to the camp.

Arriving there, they overwhelmed the boys with excited queries, as to what had happened. "Nothing", they replied, "We have him still here, but he

is certainly different from what we expected McGeary to be, according to your description. The boys piled into the cabin and there sat the boy, bewildered and frightened. Austin? No, George Wilton, the star performer for Pinehurst, and also the missing number from their lineup. He still had on his masquerade costume, a clown suit exactly like Austin's.

Then it was McGeary who had won the game for their rivals again. Ah! Austin had not received his punishment yet, but, he would get it. Leave it to the bullies of Pinehurst.

Elizabeth Jones, '30.

The success of the present issue of the "Oracle" is due in a large degree to the advertisements which appear in it. The editorial staff wishes to thank all who have advertised in our columns and we sincerely hope that the old adage, "It pays to advertise," will prove true as regards their patronage. We ask all who read the "Oracle" to give careful attention to the advertising sections.

Editor-in-chief.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Oh! the glorious call of that profession, trampdon! Off on the trail of the hobos. Anybody who eats raw meat can see my point of view. What could be better than riding the rods of a freight, feeling the cool wind whistling through your patches, the feel of irritating cinders reddening your eyes, the keen air making your nose run, and all you have to do is to catch it. All you have to do is laugh, when you think how you had to put that cat out, and empty the ice pan before you turned in for the night.

Now when your lying there, with your left tonsil wrapped around your sola-plexus, you can

let your mind drift lazily up the track a couple of hundred miles and see yourself dining a la battered tomato can with the cultured company of a dozen hobos. Chicago Dan, Bozie and all the old-timers, ready with their tales to thrill you. Tales that would tickle your funny bone, and tales that would make your hair stand on ends, and your teeth chatter.

Gee, but it is fun to lie on your back, and gaze up at the twinkling stars, and feel the heat of the blazing fire, and listen to the yarns of the friendly tramps. And it's not so dusty either, to sit up there, gather closer to the fire, and hold them fascinated with a tale or two. And asking the guy who knows there's many a tramp humorist who could eclipse the great Will Rogers. Then comes the best part of the evening. Bozie, with his rich tenor voice, sing ballads of love, but there's always some tender hearted yearling who says huskily, can the clatter. We calloused sinners of the world understand and sympathize too, but it's good to get your sentiments mixed up with a few salty tear drops now and then. Does Bozie know songs of adventure!

Oh! I've rode the rods,
I've dared the gods,
I've fought and cursed and
sang,
And so on far, far into the night.

'Round one A. M. one of the guys uncurls himself, and says "Well, boys gotta hop the next freight" and then he rambles down towards the tracks. Gee, wotta life, I mumbles, and I roll away from the fire about ten rolls, and wait for the sand man. Atta pepper old salt, says another guy, so they douse the fire, and silence shrouds the sleeping camp!

It isn't long before my feet start itching. Scratching won't do any good, so I decide to hit

the trail. I didn't hear any snoring so I look all around, and I'll be darned if I wasn't the only tramp left. Every mother's son of the other birds had hit the trail. Pronto! I departed for the tracks. Such is life. You can never tell what your going to do next. Just tramp! tramp! tramp!

Virginia Pierce, '30.

TROUBLE WITH A THEME

Gloria stirred about uneasily puckering her mouth into a shape far from beautiful. With an impatient shrug she scratched out a line of writing, looked about the room and sighed heavily.

Mrs. Hunt regarded her daughter questionly and asked what the trouble was?

Gloria murmured something about trying to write a composition and not being able to think of anything.

"Well", returned her mother practically, "you've been a good many places this summer, why not write about some little experience you've had?"

At this question Gloria curled her lip scornfully, imagining herself writing about "A Narrow Escape" or "A Picnic" and the like. "Baby work!" she muttered with disgust. "Well that wasn't writing a theme" she decided, "— now let's see—I could write about—"

But just then a car drove up and two happy girls suddenly burst in on her beginning a rapid flow of conversation which poor Gloria found hard to follow.

"Well, that's that!" she sighed, "I can't write a theme now!" She began to gather her books, but at that point her mother intervened, convincing Gloria, with a few words that it would be best to finish her work then and join the girls afterwards.

Gloria resignedly sat down

again while Eleanor and Marion sought diversion in the adjoining room.

"Well, what had she been thinking about—oh yes—she might write a composition on—"

"That's My Weakness Now!" wailed the victrolia followed by a noisy clatter of feet performing intricate steps of the Varsity Drag.

"There," she cried in anger, "how can I write a theme with all that racket?"

"Finished so soon," called Eleanor gaily?

"No," coldly, "I'll finish tonight—when it will be quiet" she added.

"Ouch", squealed Marion laughingly, "that hurts!" But it was too nice a day to be bothered with themes so the three found their suits and drove to the beach for a swim.

Later, Gloria once more set to work on the theme with a determined nod and for half an hour her work, then—

"Gloria", her mother called, "wouldn't you fill in at a table of bridge? One of my guests is unable to come."

The evening dragged slowly and poor Gloria found herself making many mistakes and thinking more and more of the unfinished theme.

The guests gone, Gloria sped to her room losing no time in setting to work on the composition. "I'm not getting any place with it", she sighed then she sat us straight gasped, then uttered a happy little laugh. "She had it!" "Why not tell about her troubles in trying to write her theme! So she worked steadily, her pencil flying across the page, but this time without interruption.

Dorothy Higgins '29.

STELLA

"Come on, girls, pack up your troubles, "Good Morning" is due in a few minutes."

This speech came from Stella, or "Miss 22 from the silks" as she was otherwise called. Stella was a modern flapper to the utmost degree. Skirts reaching above her knees, her hair cut in a very short bob, and a surplus amount of cosmetics.

"Good Morning" was a salesman that came in almost every day to examine the silks and take orders for more. All the girls looked forward to his coming and envied those to whom he spoke. This morning he came in minus his usual smile and went directly to where Stella was standing.

"Mr. Stone wishes to see you today," he said.

Mr. Stone was the head of this department store which was the largest in the city. Very few people had ever seen him as he had his own private entrance. But all imagined him to be a very cross and ugly old man.

Stella went quickly by all her friends, gave "Good Morning" a side glance and went to Mr. Stone's office immediately.

Mr. Stone's secretary admitted Stella to the office of her employer.

Mr. Stone would be in within a few minutes, the secretary notified her.

Stella's heart was throbbing so loudly she was afraid someone would hear it. Why did Mr. Stone wish to see her? Was it that she was going to lose her position? Had she unconsciously offended some customers? Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a young man approximately thirty-two years of age, tall and very fascinating.

"Miss Eggleston?" he asked very calmly.

"Yes sir," was the faint reply, because Stella was very much startled at the sudden appearance of this young man who broke in so hurriedly to the private office of Mr. Stone.

The dignified voice continued, "I have sent for you Miss Eggleston to tell you that the only relative you have in the world (though you did not know of him previously) has just died, leaving you the sole heir of his fortune. His will was sent to me, your employer, and I am extremely pleased to inform you of these glad tidings."

When Mr. Stone had finished speaking Stella was sitting, staring wide-eyed, like a somnambulist at him. In a few moments she came out of this sort of trance, and inquired rather excitedly if he really thought he had the correct girl, and was he very positive that there was no misunderstanding somewhere. He assured her that everything was as he had explained and that the money was at her disposal at any time to do whatever she wished with it.

Stella left the office still in a trance. She did not go back to the counter with the rest of the girls, but went to her rooming house to try to fathom this proposition out.

Yesterday, a hard working girl, earning but a small salary; today, a millionairess. Could it possibly be true?

Stella spent the remaining portion of the day in her room, and by the following morning she had fully decided what she was going to do.

She planned to work at the store the rest of the week, and then to start an extensive tour around the world and study art, a thing of which she had often dreamed, and now she planned to realize her ambition.

Some two years later we find Stella happily married to an Italian sculptor, living in a very beautiful villa just outside the city of Rome, enjoying everything that wealth could possibly afford.

Grace G. Condon '30.

AUNT TABBY KNEW

A chug! chug! chug! from the motor of the car, a last frantic gathering of books and bundles, a gay waving of hands, and the Browns were off for their vacation at Sandy Point. There was but one thing to spoil the joy of it all and that was the presence of Aunt Tabby, fussy, old-maidish Aunt Tabby!

For a few minutes as they spun along over the smooth road, Aunt Tabby monopolized the conversation with her complaints and orders.

"Tommy, have you got that crate with my dear kitty in it well covered up? She is so apt to catch cold. Alice, stop dropping that everlasting old bundle. June, please get your foot off mine or my foot will be utterly crushed."

A groan from Tommy, a sigh from Alice, and a "Oh dear!" from June were the only replies.

What was the use of a vacation if you had to take an old maid aunt along who thought if you went in swimming you would surely catch cold, and thought that going to a picnic and sitting on the cold, damp ground was awful!

These were the thoughts which ran through the minds of the children as they went along.

Five o'clock came and Sandy Point was reached. The place seemed never to have looked so beautiful as it did that late afternoon. Just around the curve of the shore was a pine wood full of

majestic giant pines which gave out a spicy odor that pervaded the whole woods.

After supper that night, the three children were walking around near the camp talking about the wonderful times that lay ahead of them, when suddenly Alice said, "I think it was down right mean Aunt Tabby had to come. I just know she'll spoil everything and most likely we won't be able to have our picnic this year, either."

How could they know that Aunt Tabby was also enjoying a stroll around the camp? She had just rounded the corner of the camp when she heard the children's voice in the darkness. Her first impulse was to descend on the children with a good old-fashioned scolding and then leave "that horrible family forever." The idea! They wouldn't get any of her money! Then as an idea came to her, she tip-toed softly back to the house all the time chuckling to herself. "I'll show them something," she thought.

Next morning the children were in their rooms preparing for their dip. They had planned to skip out before Aunt Tabby woke up. Tom was the first to be ready. He gazed towards the lake and at the sight which met his eyes, he gave a long yell. There was Aunt Tabby splashing merrily in the water. In an instant all were out, standing on the beach gazing open-mouthed at the unbelievable sight before them.

"Come on in!" said Aunt Tabby. "The water's fine."

At this Alice said, "Well, Aunt Tabby's a sport after all. Let's apologize for what we said last night for I've a sneaking suspicion that she heard us."

B. E. M. '29.

THE DANGER LEDGE

It happened long ago, so long ago, in fact, that not even the oldest inhabitants, nor their fathers before them, of the little Maine fishing village, can recall it. It is a story relating to the times when pirates sailed the high seas, and adventure could be had for the asking. Any fisherman along the shore will tell you of it today.

There is, not far out from the point of land, where this little village is situated, a small, barren, rocky island known as the Danger Ledge. It is the peril of all ships in the vicinity, and was formerly the curiosity and superstition of all the natives along the coast. Even the bravest shunned the supposedly haunted island and its ghostly inhabitants.

Once, as the story goes, Cyrus Bradford, a hardy fisherman, his sister, and Joe Mills had stopped at the island on their way home from a deep sea fishing trip. Cyrus and his sister were never seen again and Joe Mills had come home with wild stories of pirates with smoking pistols in their hands, treasure, and the murder of his companions and four others, who were probably of the pirate crew. Ever since then Joe Mills had been completely insane.

Years afterwards his son had visited the island and found the remains of Cyrus and his sister near the bleached skeletons of the former pirate band. He also reported queer sounds and a frightful grasp upon his arm. The curious thing about it all, however, was the position of the victims, who lay in a semi-circle just twelve feet apart, as has afterwards been ascertained. The veracity of their stories is not proven, but until a few years ago, the natives clung religiously to them.

Not long ago odd sounds and queer, ghastly lights were repeatedly seen on the island. The simple fisherfolk shook with terror but the coast guard officers were not so easily deceived. A notorious gang of rum runners, who had taken advantage of the superstitions of the fishermen to use the abandoned island as a storage place for their contraband goods, were tracked down there.

After this the people took heard and a descendant of Cyrus Bradford, a bright young fellow, examined the position of the murdered victims, walking twelve paces before him, and turning half around, repeating this process six times. Upon digging at the place where he stopped he found a valuable loot, once belonging to a famous pirate who, in days gone by, sailed along the New England coast.

Marjory Kent, '29.

EXCHANGES

As we see others:

The Western Star, Western Junior High School, West Somerville, Massachusetts. Very efficient Literary Department. A table of contents would be an improvement.

The Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass. A very neat and attractive edition. Your Valentine number was well arranged.

The Little Red Schoolhouse, Athol High School. You publish a neat edition in paper form. Additions to the exchange department would be an asset.

The Clarion, Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass. A well organized booklet, but wouldn't a few short stories add to it.

The Orange and Black, Hanover High School, Hanover, Pa. We enjoyed the "Guy-ed" Book for Freshmen.

As others see us:

Karux: Your publication is very neat and attractive, your jokes are enjoyable. Why not more of them, an enlargement of your exchange department would be an improvement.

The Sassamon: We all wish we could have seen your musical comedy—the program certainly sounded good. Wouldn't a few short stories add to your well organized booklet?

The Parrott: We enjoyed your paper very much. Why not enlarge your exchange department?

List of papers received to date:

The Western Star, Western Junior High School, West Somerville, Mass.

The Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

The Little Red Schoolhouse, Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

The Orange and Black, Hanover High School, Hanover, Pa.

The Clarion, Arlington High School, Arlington, Massachusetts.

M. P., '29

THE ALPHABET OF '29

A is for Alfred, whose nickname is Dizzy

B is for Bertha, who keeps the boys busy

C is for Clifford, the mathematician

D is for Dot, a fine musician

E is for English, our task ever

F is for French—Done?—never!

G is for Gavin, the corridor fan

H is for Hugh, our business man

I is for Isabel, one of our girls

J is for Johnny, with his pretty curls

K is for Kiernan, Rose Doyle's middle name

L is for Latin, which isn't the same?????

M is for Myrick, so light and airy

N is for nights, when we go to the library

O is for Orderly, just what we are!!!!
 P is for Paul, with his convenient car ~~and~~
 Q is for Quality—that's us — and it sticks??
 R is for Robert, with his cute little tricks
 S is for Success, as Seniors we'll try
 T is for Ted, quiet and shy
 U is for Useless, the Freshmen fit there
 V is for Vanity, we all have our share
 W is for Walk, early or late
 X is for Exit, home from a date
 Y is for Yearning, for our coat and hat
 Z is for Zebra, the Stetson High cat.

M. P. '29

ALUMNI

Cora Peterson
 Filing Clerk, Herman Shoe Co.,
 Boston, Mass.
 Irene Bossi
 Stenographer, S. S. Pierce Co.,
 Boston, Mass.
 Eleanor Iorio
 Taking Post Graduate Course,
 Thayer Academy.
 Dorothy Teed
 Vesper George Art School,
 Boston, Mass.
 Elizabeth Walsh
 Office, The Douglas Shoe Co.,
 Brockton, Mass.
 Grace Alden
 Framingham Normal School
 Hugh Heney
 Bridgewater Normal School
 Hazel Powers
 Switchboard Operator—Hollis,
 Perrin & Kirkpatrick Co.,
 Boston, Mass.
 Ruth Hewins
 Office, The Edison Electric Co.,
 Boston, Mass.
 Margaret Sullivan
 Bridgewater Normal School.

Mildred Bradley
 Stenographer, The Edison
 Electric Co., Boston, Mass.
 Mary McDermott
 Boston University
 Mildred Condon
 Office, Trescott & Griffith,
 Boston, Mass.
 Walter Swanson
 Real Estate Office, Boston,
 Mass.
 Harold Dixon
 Insurance Office
 Joseph Laughlin
 Clerk, South Station, Boston,
 Mass.
 Warren Shewbridge
 Boston University.

CLASS NOTES

On September 24, the first meeting of the Senior Class was held in Room 26. The class officers for the year 1928-29 were elected. They are as follows:

President.....Roy Gavin
 Vice President..John Crowell
 Secretary.....Mary Purcell
 Treasurer.....Mary Duffy

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Claire Powers
 Isabel Philbrook
 Herbert Jenkins

On September 24, the first meeting of the Junior Class was held in Chapin Hall. The class officers for the year 1928-29 were elected. They are as follows:

President.....Thomas Hoye
 Vice President
 Frances Granger
 Secretary.....Virginia Pierce
 Treasurer....Francis Murphy

The class have made plans to present "Sally Lunn" a two-act play in Chapin Hall, Friday evening, November 23, 1928. The play will be coached by Miss Winifred M. Brennan of the high school and Miss Dorothy M. Gavin of the Alumni.

The first meeting of the Sophomore Class was held in Chapin Hall, September 26. The officers for the year 1928-1929 were elected and they are as follows:

President.....Ernest Cushing
Vice President...John Porter
Secretary...Mary McLaughlin
Treasurer...Helen McDonald

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Jane Brennan
Helen McDonald
Paul Murphy

The first meeting of the Freshman Class was held in Chapin Hall on September 26. The officers for the year 1928-1929 were elected and they are as follows:

President.....Harry Johnson
Vice President
Helen Brennan
Secretary.....Jerome Shea
Treasurer.....Gilbert Boyer
C. McF., '29.

LOCALS

We have this year in Stetson High the largest registration in the history of the school.

The rally of October 1 in the Assembly Room netted \$30.00.

The General Fund at present totals \$21.00.

We have written to Colonel Charles Lindbergh asking him for his autograph to be placed under the bust which was presented the school by the class of 1928.

The class of 1929 Stetson Junior High presented a picture costing \$60.00. The picture has three panels each reproduced in colors. The painting is by R. W. Amick a noted painter of Arizona.

A clock has been presented by the school to the Lieut. Thomas W. Desmond Post 169 American Legion.

Printed lists of the names of the different classes are now on hand.

The eight on the forty foot banner has been replaced by a nine.

Ruth Anderson formerly of '29 has sketched a fireplace on the rear wall of the stage.

We have three new teachers this year and they are as follows: Mrs. Mabel Marble, English Department; Miss Margaret Moore, Latin Department; Mr. Albert Murphy, History Department.

Our present athletic equipment consists of four footballs and eight basketballs all in good condition.

Mrs. Mitchell our school nurse is acting as our truant officer.

Lights have been placed on the Athletic Field, so there may be practice at night.

The Junior Class will present a two-act play "Sally Lunn" on Friday Evening, November 23, 1928, in Chapin Hall.

The Sophomore Class will present a two-act play "Marjorie Makes Good" on Friday evening, December 7, 1928 in Chapin Hall.

The Lunch Fund has a surplus of \$65.00, which is a new record for us.

The Reference Room is open fourth period, Mrs. Marble is in charge.

Mr. Cook, State Forester, spoke in Chapin Hall on September 21, his subject was "The Prevention of Fires."

The boys of Stetson High are making plans to organize a football team. They are showing very fine school spirit.

Mr. F. B. Risley of Burdett College gave a very interesting talk on "Choosing a Career" on September 28, in Chapin Hall.

Lillian Yates, '28.

ATHLETICS

At the beginning of the fall term, Coach Murphy summoned the baseball candidates and about thirty responded. The ones who were picked to fill the assignments were as follows: Jenkins and Kiernan, pitchers; Crowell, catcher; Bradley, first base; Pignatelli, 2nd base; Cushing, short stop; Taylor, third base; Corrigan, Collins and Shea in the outfield. The utility players were Jones, Baldner, O. Kiernan, Anderson and Nugent.

We played a three game series with Avon and won two out of the three games.

Avon won the first game by the score of 2-1. It was a hard fought battle in which Avon profited by our costly errors.

In the second game our team showed plenty of pep and we romped away with a 5-1 verdict.

We won the third game by the same score. Jenkins our new pitcher, hurled a wonderful game allowing Avon but two hits and striking out sixteen.

Coach Murphy is well pleased with the prospects and we are expected to have a good team in the spring.

ADVICE
(On Hallowe'en)

Don't hide beside that empty house
That stands in haunted light,
And dress as ghosts and scare the
folks
Who walk alone at night.

When people see the phantom
forms
They'll turn around and run
And think the dead have come to
life—
That's sacrilege, my son.

Mary Duffy, '29.

FIRE DEPARTMENT OF
STETSON HIGH SCHOOL

Alfred Nelson—Chief	
John Crowell and Henry Merrill	—Front Door
Herbert Jenkins—South Side Door	
Robert Teed—North Side Door	
Vincent Kiernan and Roy Gavin	—Rear Door

SOLDIERS OF THE KING

Why do you weep, dear Mother?
Your sons will soon come home
The battles will soon be over,
And they will again be your own.

I hear the drums and the tramp
of feet;
The bells are ringing clear;
But I do not see my brothers;
The ones I loved so dear.

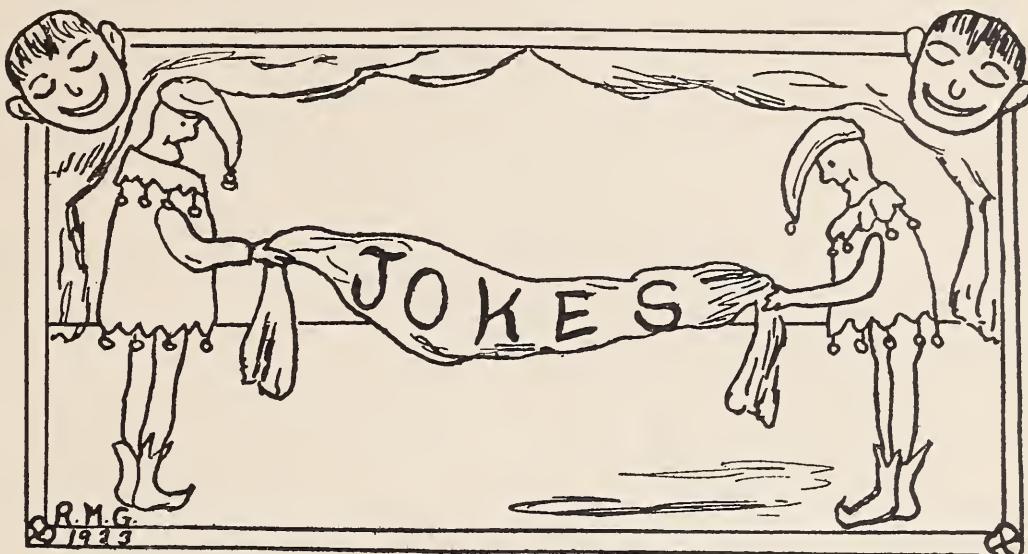
Please do not weep, dear Mother,
We shall soon see our boys again
They are the greatest of soldiers
now, Mother
And they are led by the greatest
of Kings.

Paul Murphy, '31

THE MURDER OF

Unity, mass and brilliant coherence
All goes swell to make an appearance
It puffs up the guy who writes the
stuff
But for the guy who reads it, it
sure is tough.
Maybe your wife to improve your
mind.
Makes you read it in spare time
Maybe your mother would think it
great
If only his speech you'd imitate,
Gee fellows, but it would do us
good
To meet that guy in a lonely wood,
Or at some secluded rendezvous
What we would or wouldn't do.

Virginia Pierce, '30.



Alice Anglin: "How would you find the greatest common denominator?"

M. Dennis: "I should advertise for it."

* * * *

Alice Ballantyne: "How do so many boys get killed in football?"

Helen Shepard: "They kick off."

* * * *

Willie: "Pa, what's a parasite?"

His Pa: "A parasite, son, is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of pushing."

* * * *

Teacher: "Eugene, can you give me a sentence using the word 'disguise'?"

Pignatelli: "Sure, teacher. Dis guy's me brudder."

* * * *

History teacher: "I wonder why Columbus imagined the world was round."

Laura Lutton: "Because it did not give him a square deal."

* * * *

Teacher: "I wish you would give a little attention to what I say."

Pupil: "I am: as little as possible."

* * * *

Mr. Clark (severely): "Tom Hoye take your seat."

Tom Hoye: "Where shall I take it?"

Teacher: "R. K. Doyle, I take great pleasure in giving you 90% in your examination."

R. K. Doyle: "Aw, give us a 100% and enjoy yourself."

* * * *

A.: "Are nuts suppose to be healthy?"

B.: "What's the matter are you sick?"

* * * *

Heard in the Lady of the Lake Class

Teacher, reading: "Should wake, in yonder islet lone, A sainted hermit from his cell!"

Teacher: "What is a hermit Miss Bacon?"

Miss Bacon: "A hermit is a cookie."

* * * *

Miss Laugher: "Who is Malcolm?"

Evans: "Ellen's boy friend."

* * * *

Boss: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

R. Thibault (The Office Boy): "Yes sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said 'Your Fired', and on the outside it said 'Return in Five Days'. So here I am."

JOKES

Teacher: "Where did Jackson die?"

A. Nelson: "On a stone wall."

* * * *

Miss Humphries: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

J. Shea: "The night before the exam."

* * * *

Mr. Murphy: "What is heredity?"

Bradley: "Something that every father believes in until his son starts acting like an idiot."

* * * *

Vinny: "Do you know how many are dead in the Randolph Cemetery?"

Herbert J.: "No, how many?"

Vinny: "There all dead, of course."

* * * *

Miss Good: "John, put that gum in the waste basket?"

Crowell: "But I haven't got my cents worth yet."

* * * *

I. Philbrook: "There goes his twin."

M. Kent (absently): "Twin to who?"

I. Philbrook: "Twin to his brother of course."

Mr. Kent: "Oh".

* * * *

G. Collins: "Do they make paper from trees? Say isn't that a funny looking tree over there?"

A. Haley: "Yes, it will be a comic sheet some day."

* * * *

Teacher: "It will be interesting to know which one of you will be shining twenty years from now."

Bright Pupil: "Shining what,—shoes?"

* * * *

"How do you spell graphic," asked Mr. Haley, "with one 'f' or with two?"

"Well," said Mr. Loughlin, "if you are going to use any, you might as well go to the limit."

Boy: "Is dem eggs fresh?"

Grocer: "I ain't saying they ain't."

Boy: "I ain't asking you is they aint, I'm asking you is they is. Is they?"

* * * *

Miss Humphries: "What is the formula for water?"

Thibault: "It is, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O?"

Miss Humphries: "No, that is wrong."

Thibault: "Why yesterday you told us the formula was H to O."

* * * *

Mr. Murphy: "What does United States get from Chile?"

N. Hoeg: "A cold."

* * * *

Captain: "All hands on deck; the ships leaking."

Sleepy voice: "Aw, put a pan under it and go to bed."

* * * *

Gavin: "Someone has stolen my car."

Cop: "These antique collectors will stop at nothing."

* * * *

Three of the World's Famous

Printers

Thomas A. Edison

Benj. Franklin

Francis Loughlin

* * * *

Miss Laughter (reading from a book): "'Rain is falling'. What impression does that give you?"

Myrick Powers: "That the stories all wet."

* * * *

Henry Merrill: "Would you like to go for an aeroplane ride, Hugh?"

Clifford: "No, sir, I stick to terra firma and the firmer it is, the less terror I have."

* * * *

Miss Brennan: "It's best to begin at the bottom of the ladder."

Murphy: "Except when escaping from a fire."

Mr. Murphy (talking about the reign of Queen Mary and King William): "William was an orange."

G. Heney: "Mary was a lemon."

* * * *

Mrs. Marble: "Give the positive, comparative, and superlative of the adjective low."

C. MacFadden: "Low, dim, out."

* * * *

Sophomore (earnestly): "Now, honestly, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Senior (disdainfully): "Get a shine."

THREE THINGS

Remember three things come not back

The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed, it flies to wound or slay;
The spoken word so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill;
And the lost opportunity
That comes back no more to thee—
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost
yearn

Those three will never more return.
(From the Arabic).

We wonder what would happen if:
Isabel forgot to smile?
Robert forgot his gum?
Mary P. didn't have a comb handy?
Laura forgot her giggle?
Mary D. wasn't in a hurry?
Bernice forgot to flirt?
Clifford was boisterous?
Thibeault grew up?
Marjorie got to French on time?
Johanna didn't say "Joan, please?"
If Kay didn't have a drug store?
Hilda wasn't tall?
Cecelia ceased to be frank?
Haley acted natural?
Dorothy H. shouted?
Shea exerted himself?
Henry hurried?
Nelson wasn't pleasingly?
Lillian laughed out loud?

R. K. D. '29.

MOTTOES IN S.H.S.

Class of 1929 Room 14
"Semper Paratus"

Class of 1930 Room 24
"Keep Smiling"
and

"When Wealth Is Lost Nothing is Lost
When Health Is Lost Something Is Lost
When Character Is Lost All Is Lost."

Class of 1931 Room 26
"Work and Win"

Class of 1932 Room 16
"Courtesy and Industry"

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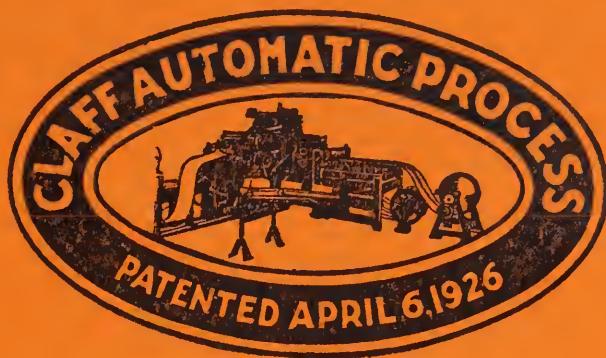
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